### ÆRONAUT M. SANTOS DUMONT PLANS TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC IN TWO DAYS.







two to three days is the latest plan of M. Santos Dumont, the famous Brazilian æronaut. The daring navigator of the air is quite confident the whole world will watch the attempt with great interest.

erations of this character. So in this Moslem sanctuary there was quartered a regiment of Sikhs, who were really Hindus and utter in-ficels in Moslem eyes. They had plied their arms round the pullit driven nails into the marked walks pit, driven nails into the marbed walls whereon to hang their accourrements, and had aranged their cooking utensils on the tesselated pavemet. They seemed to enjoy the situation; having a here-ditary dislike to the Moslems of Delhi and Hindustan, they were not sorry to feed fat their grudge on this occasion. A HISTORIC INTERVIEW. So I went on to the Palace, passed

through the magnificent gateway, now guarded by a stiff European sentry, thought of the gorgeously picturesque sentin is that once kept watch and ward here, stood under the fateful tree where the Europeans, men, women and children, had been murdered, entered the Pearl Mosque entirely of marble within and without, probably the most exquisite little structure in the world, which was in the great days reserved for the Emperor alone to worship in, but where no scion of that Imperial house would ever worship again. I looked out from the balcony overhanging the river, where the Emperor had stood on that eventful May morning to receive the offer of a Crown from mutineers—and was straightway ushered into his presence. I found him in a-marbled chamber seated on the ground, that is on a rich rug spread on the fiely-wrought floor. At first sight he seemed like an intensely nervous, tremulous, wizened old man, counting seads on a sort of rosary with quivering fingers. Sitting down near him, how-ever, I watched his delicately aquiline profile, and never have I seen so beautiful an outline in a human face. The refined nobility doubtless sprang from the transmission of beauty by selection through many generations. As I conversed with him in his own tongue, the courtly Urdu, he thawed somewhat, but soon relapsed when I conveyed to him soon relapsed when I conveyed to him the stern message from the Chief Com-mander that he was to be tried for his life on the capital charge of having sanctioned the murder of the Europeans, of which I possessed the proof. Though willing to hear what he said, I yet warn-ed him that what he might say to me ed him that what he might say to me could, if necessary, be used against him. Though naturally reserved on the subject of the murders-he became somewhat communicative otherwise—he said in ef-fect that he had from childhood led r indoor life, never emerging from his palace gates, knowing naught of the outer world, with nothing to look forword to, nothing to think of save the dim ideal of his illustrious ancestry—that when the intending mutineers sent him when the intending mutineers sent him letters and petitions, he could scarce imagine what it all meant and kept it to himself—that one morning the men suddenly came before him, in apparent force and authority, virtually placed the Imperial Crown on his head and bade him wield the sceptre of the Delhi Emperor-that he felt the hereditary instinct of authority and issued the necessary orders in all departments-that he soon grew weary of a burden aggravated by the rudeness of the soldiery—that he suc-cumbed before the onset of European arms, and now desired to depart in peace. Soon I took my leave, and cast a parting look on the Last of the Great Moguis!"



### Ask for Mme. Ruppert's book. "How to be Beautiful." It is FREE. The Cohen Co

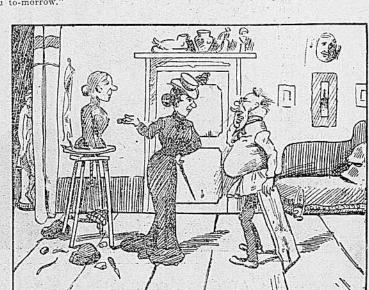
shortly after 1858, restored by the Brit-

ish Government to Moslem worship. Next week-"At Mr. Cleveland's Election to the U. S. A. Presdency."

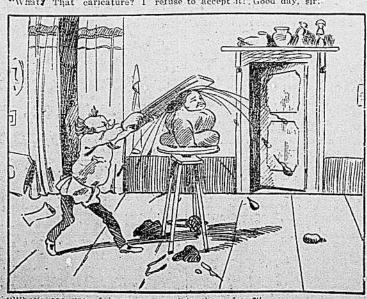
## A STUDIO EPISODE.



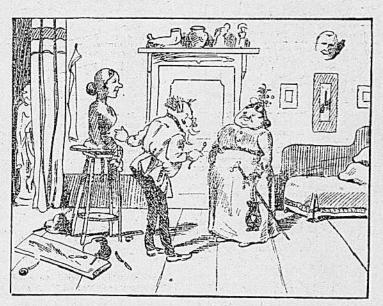
'Now be sure and make me a real good bust-it's for my future husband." "Have no fear! Just leave your photograph, and the bust will be ready for



"Just in time, fraulein-your bust is finished!" "What That caricature? I refuse to accept it! Good day, sir!"



What's the use of being an artist in these days?"



What do you wish, madam?' "I want my bust in clay, but be sure it's lifelike-it's for my husband's birth-'Very well, madam! Leave your photograph and call again to-morrow."



"All my work for nothing! It's enough to make one burst with indignation!



"Ah, sir, you're a great artist! I'm surprised how quickly and how accurately cought my likeness! Here's a thousand marks?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

### From a Bachelor's View

Soap deferred maketh the boy glad. A woman can't bear to tear up an cld love letter, even after she has forgotten

who wrote it.

The best way to make a girl sure you love her is to make her believe you can't think of her without shivering all up and

down your back.
About the hardest thing to make a woman believe is that she can be intelled that without joining a lot of societies for the improvement of something or oth-

The average mother would like to have her first baby look most like its father, except its mother, grandmother and grandfather, and all the aunts and un-

cles that are good looking.

Good cooks make cheerful husbands.
The best way for a man to get married is to try not to.
The rule which women have about se-

crets is always to keep those that are

when you speak of catching things men think of fish, colds and scoldings; women

Men who have married sisters seem to have a great deal of genuine sympathy for each other.

A woman can always be happy with-out a man to rule her, but she can be

annoier with one to do it.

Generally the woman who knows how o cook dislikes the do it as much as the woman who doesn't know how likes to One thing that takes away a good deal

of the pleasure for women in camping out where you sleep on the ground is that here is no chance to look for a man unler the bed. What a woman can't understand is how

a man will stay up every night for six weeks running all over town trying to make votes for a candidate he doesn't know, but get hopping mad if he has to run across the street to get some paregorie for his own baby.

Sons are for fathers to admire; daughters to love.

Some women know so little abouf hu-man nature that they will try to argue with women with facts.

A bachelor knows if he doesn't like it he can change any time, while a married man is there to stay whether he lifes

it or not. The great comfort a woman gets in calling a doctor is that she knows it keeps all her neighbors at the window

watching his carriage to see how long he stays. All a man has to do to make his wife believe he is a genius is to pretend he is so absent-minded that if she didn't look out for him he would put on his sus-

penders for a necktie. When a woman says a man drinks she

always means he grinks too much. Either we always seem to be more in carnest than be are or we are less in carnest than we seem.

If women could be got to show the same enthusiasm over municipal problems that they do over millinery problems re-form politics would be easy.—New York Press.

#### How Br er Williams Settled It. "Dey tells me dat Er'er Williams done

come ter grief ergain?"
"Yes, he in mo' trouble."

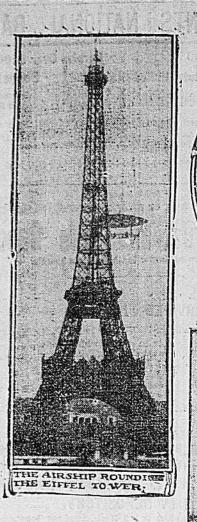
"How come?"

"Well, you hearn dat tale 'bout Br'er Washin'ton eatin' wid de big white folks?"

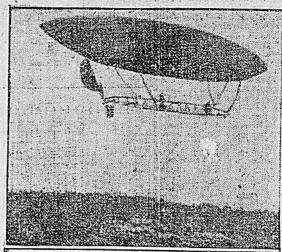
"Yes, dey tole it ter me."
"Well, Br'er Williams 'low dat his time done come ter settle what dey calls de race problem down disaway, en de sooner it wuz settled de better. So he give a great feas', en pick out two er de bigges' white mens in de settlemint, en sen' um a invite ter come eat dinner wid

"Da goodness gracious!"
"Dat what he done. En one er da white mens cut 'im down a pine sapin', en t'er one onhitch two plow lies f'um off his mule, en meetin' of Br'er Williams in de big road, dey took 'im ter de fur woods ter ax 'im a few leadin' questions bout dis same race problem; en w'en dey got th'oo' wid 'im Er'er Williams say dat settin' down wuzn't good fer de he'it, en dat runnin' a mile a minute wuz de fines' exercise in de worl'! En de las' word dey heah 'im say conscious wuz, 'Dam de race problem!' "—Atlanta Constitution,

Two Philadelphia stock companies d'd "The Little Minister" last week. Wesh-ington also saw a stock production of %.







To fly from Paris to New York and complete the journey in from that he can perform the feat and

# SCENES I HAVE BEHELD

By THE RT. HON. SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, BART.

I.—In Delhi After the Mutinies.

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For the fall perception of the misery sunshine of urban prosperity. and desolation of Delhi immediately after the Mutinies in 1857, it is necessary to remember what the city had been in historic, almost prehistoric, times and what it was just before these events, say

Derhi is situated on the bank of the Jamma, at some little distance, though comparatively not very far, from the base of the Himalayos. It originally dominated the upper basins of the rivers Ganges and Jamna, and was the earliest settled home of the Hindu race. Near it were fought the primeval contests between the heroes, recounted in the na-tional Epic which is to the Hindus what the Iliad was to the ancient Greeks. When in the eleventh century the Moslems made their irruptions into Northern India, one horde after another, each with the establishment of a conquering dynasty, one overturning or succeeding another, they all, or most of them, settled at Delhi. Each of them built its edifices stripes messures tombs during a fices, shrines, mosques, tombs, during a brief tenure of power, and then left them to fall into decay under his successor who in turn raised its structures and bequeathed to them a similiar fate—tip the ruins grandly remained. Thus the neighborhood displayed the almost unique spectacle, not of a series of remains, but of the same generic type, but with dif-ferences in architectural style. The place is not exactly a city of the dead, but a vast field or area of mausolea and monuments. But through these troublous centuries the city of Delhi continued to be a great trading mart on the Jamus, and for the upper Gangetic valley as well. It is not like many Indian cities in the middle ages, founded merely for war and politics, which became desertmunication was the best in Morthern India. Furthermore, according to the strategy of those centuries, it had a military position equally advantageous. Thus when, in what would be called by Engwhen, in what would be called by Englishmen the Tudor times, the Mogul Empire was founded on the ruins of the preceding Moslem Kingdoms, Delhi became the Imperial Capital. It had indeed in Agra a sister and a rival; still, owing to its commercial and military advantage, it retained the pre-eminency.

HER GOLDEN AGE.

HER GOLDEN AGE.

This was its golden age for art, oriental culture, refinement, decoration, resplendency. The pomp and pageantry were not semi-tarbaric, but refined and elegant to a degree never surpassed in any place at any age of history, and were yet full of manliness and nobility. The style of building was the most beautiful style of soliding was the most beautiful ever known in the history of architec-ture. Rarely, perhaps even never, have finer speciacles been seen than those which must have frequently been displayed here on occasions of Imperial procassions, or of marches of Imperial ar-mies. Probably the city was not equal-led by any of the most famous cities of Asia, not by Bagdad under the Caliphs, nor by Samarcand under Tameriane, nor by Nanking under its Chinese emperors. It was in variety superior to Pekin even before the destruction of the Summer Palace. Under British rule no city in India would be equal in stately, imposing effect to the mediacual Delhi except, per-haps, Bombay-before the recent visita-tions of the plague.

HER GOLDEN AGE

On the break-up of the Mogul Empire in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Delhi fell into the hands of the Mahrattas, a Hindu power of inferior culture. It sustained two disastrous attacks by Afghan and Persian hordes, and its plunder was so immersal as the classical contents. its plunder was so immense as to be almost fabulous. The titular Mogul Employer most fabulous. The titular Mogul Emperor became a puppet in the hands first of the Mahratias, and then of the new conquerors, the British In the beginning of the nineteenth century he was domiciled in his ancestral palace indeed with state and honor, and with a limited jurisdiction in the city and suburbs. But after a little while this jurisdiction was taken away, and he was immured with some magnificence, a State pensioner in the palace. The city sank to the grade of a provincial capital, but as rallways had not yet been introduced the advantages of its ancient commercial situation had not yet been introduced the advantages of its ancient commercial situation brageous trees, which had not been cut brageous trees, which had not been cut down. The shell and framework of the buildings had been spared, but the interiors were nothing but an utter blank. There was not a scholar in the schools. A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR

A RUDE SHOCK.

to turn the eyes of the whole world apon Delhi. A mutiny of the native Indian troops broke out at neighboring cantonment at Meerut. The mutineers, during the night, marched upon Delhi, and in the gray of the morning appeared under Palace , windows, , and offered - the Crown of India to the pumpet Emperor. His Mogul Majesty accepted this; having been prepared for it by secret corre-spondence which had been geing on with intending mutineers in othersparts of the country. The garrison, consisting entire-ly of native Indian troops, fraterfized with the mutineers. The European offi-cers, civil and military, were overpower-ed and slain-some immediately, others shortly afterwards—with the sanction of the upstart Emperor. By nightfall of that fatal day British rule had been temporarily extinguished in Delhi and its suburbs. The Emperor assumed a sort of government, and mutinous troops came flocking in from all quarters with hoards of specie plundered from British treas-uries. Ere long a besieging force, consisting of European soldlers, sat down on a ridge on the west of the city in order to recapture it by siege and assault. There was nothing like an investment; one side the east side feeing the richest part of India. The place held out sturdily as the fortifications had been completed by British engineers. Still the siege was heroically pressed, despite the cruel sickliness of the season, for several menths without intermission. The city, meanwhile, was overrun with soldiery, once disciplined indeed, but now, after mutiny, with discipline relaxed and with the rude roughness that might be expected therefore. ec and uninhabited when the citadel had ed therefrom. The interior suffered the been stormed, the chief or the king expectation is usual ravages from shot and shell, from pelled, and the garrison dispersed. No: disease and demoralization. Trade and been stormed, the chief or the king expelled, and the garrison dispersed. No: disease and demoralization. Trade and the days before scaports and inland communication was the best in Northern India. Purthermore, according to the in the end the European force would conquer an entrance, and their conscience foretold that, after the shocking events of that day in May, some retribution might be exacted. At length, in the middle of September, the breaches were stormed with extreme gallantry by the British troops, and the city was entered. But the palace citadel lay at some distance on the other. Within a few days, after se-vere street-fighting, all obstacles were overcome, and the palace was taken, but the Emperor had flown to the shrinetomb of one of the founders of the dynasty, as to a sanctuary. Thither he was promptly followed up and brought

back to the palace as a close prisoner.

Shortly afterwards the recaptured city and its territory were entrusted to Sir John Lawrence, he renowned Chief Com-missioner of the Punjab, then in the ze-nith of his fame. In due course he came nith or his fame. In due course he came to Delhi to supervise affairs on the spot. I was then his chief secretary and had to attend him there in camp—that is, in tents on the historic ridge already men-

tioned. This brings me to the scene which I beheld-namely, the aspect of Deihi at that moment. WHAT I SAW.

Standing on the Ridge I faced the Cashmere Gate. Immediately below me were the remains of the battery, where were the remains of the battery, where at the crisis, shortly before the assault, the big breaching guns were mounted almost noiselessly in the dead of night, for battering the Gate. Then I walked up to the Gate itself, already become one of the classic spots in the anna's of the British army, marked the breaches, and noted all paris of the fortification quite riddled with cammon ball. Passing under the gloemy portal, as it had come to be, I could scarcely believe myself to be inside the once populous and beautiful Delhi. Naught save tumb edown houses, dwellings emptied of their contents, streets blocked with debris, met the eye. Little or no sign was there of human British army, marked the breaches, and Little or no sign was there of human life, save here and there some hollow-eyed vizage peering through a casement. Of the inhabitants many had fied during the siege, the remainder had followed af-ter the recapture, directing the the siege, the remainder had followed at-ter the recapture, dreading the inquisi-tion that might possibly be made re-garding mutiny, treason and its mur-derous accompaniments. The several garding industry, reason and its murderous accompaniments. The several institutions were still surrounded by umbrageous trees, which had not been cut down. The shell and dramework of the buildings had been sprad but

tient in the hospitals. The great bazaar had been one of the finest things of its kind in the world, and I could remember it well, thronged with the gayest crowds, filled with parti-colored costumes of the brightest hues, fringed with displays of rich stuffs and merchand'se, adorned with rich stuffs and merchand'se, adorned with industrial art. But now it was a desert, a solitude. The coloring had faded from the walls, the carved woodwork had been torn away. It was the fine winter season; the air was braches, the sky pale blue, the sunshine resting on everything. Nevertheless the coloring in what had been the abode of brightness was now grey, leaden and melancholy. Apparently a doem was brooding over the guilty city. guilty city So I passed on to the Jam'a Mosque,

nor a student in the colleges, nor a pa-

queen mesque of the Mehammedan No mosque in India-the land of fine mosques-nor at Ispahan, nor at Bokhara, nor at Cairo, was so tastefully designed nor so strong in solid material as this. During its palmy days, the severely impressive worship, the orderly array of worshippers, turbaned light-flowing robes, must have produced a most stately effect in its spacious court-yard, and in the long perspective of its nicles. The structure was still intact with its swelling marole domes, its well-shaped arches, its walls of red sandstone picked out with marble. But the interior arrangement presented the strangest sight. As the multinies had arisen from a misapprehension regarding caste and so-called religion, there had

known by all connoisseurs to be the

\*He was afterwards tried, convicted and sentenced. But the capital sentence was commuted to banishment to Burma acros the sea, where he died in confinement. The Jama Mosque above mentioned was